

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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Smoke Gets in Your Eyes

JAMES ROMINGER

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1945-1946

I HAD BEEN CHOSEN, BUT IT WAS NO HONOR. A FLIP OF a penny had determined the choice. It was a duty which had to be performed, and I would do it. I collected the necessary cash from my four comrades, and, with last-minute shouts of "Good luck" ringing in my ears, I strode confidently toward the store. My confidence halted at the door and refused to go further. There was nothing to do but go on without it. I slunk over to where the proprietor was standing; without looking at him, I pointed into the case between us. "Mr. er-uh, could I have a package of cigarettes?" I blurted out as I "plunked down" fifteen old, dirty pennies on the glass counter.

"What you want them for, keedo?" the man asked suspiciously.

I was trying to act casual about the purchase, but I was shaking like a leaf. The proprietor probably thought I was palsied at a very young age. The look of guilt in my eyes had melted and run over my entire countenance. I tried to answer, but nothing came out of my open mouth. Every muscle in my body was tense. I felt the heat from a multitude of imaginary eyes gazing upon me in shame. I wanted to turn and run, but the fifteen pennies were scattered over the counter. Finally, I was able to stammer something to the effect that I wanted them for my dad.

"Did your pop give you this money?" the proprietor inquired, growing even more suspicious.

"No," I said proudly. "That's our money."

I suddenly realized my mistake and tried to cover up. I managed to say something that put across the idea that my sister and I had saved the pennies and were buying Dad a package of cigarettes for his birthday. It was late in July at the time, and my dad's birthday had been in early May. Also my dad smoked cigars rather than cigarettes, but luckily the storekeeper knew nothing about my dad's personal affairs.

"O. K.," he said gruffly, "but the only brand we got for fifteen cents is John Paul Jones. I don't know whether your poppa will like them or not."

I assured him that Dad would like them all right, grabbed the package, and ran out of the store.

My fellow conspirators were eagerly waiting for me just outside. We scurried across the street and down the alley, finally arrived at our hideout, which was an old, deserted barn in the center of a city block. After the necessary discussion of my episode in the store, we solemnly proceeded into

the barn. Hurriedly tearing open the package, each of us nonchalantly took a cigarette. Although we were really old hands at the game of smoking, this was our first whole package. We had practiced on butts from the street gutters for several days, and so we proceeded to light up skillfully with our two hands cupped. We always carried plenty of matches because one of the gang usually burned three or four matches per cigarette. The poor fellow was cross-eyed.

As the smoke curled up toward the cobwebbed ceiling, we began to pretend we were gangsters in a hideout. We let cigarettes hang carelessly from the corners of our mouths. We snorted nicotine-laden fluid through our tender nostrils. Our baby-blue eyes turned a ghastly, villainous green. To accentuate our appearance as rough and tough men of the underworld, we constantly flicked the ashes from the rapidly dwindling cigarettes. To express great emotional distress, characteristic of gangsters, we slowly raised the cigarettes to our lips, took long, nerve-quieting puffs, and threateningly squinted our eyes. As we exhaled a slow but continuous stream, a hazy, far-away look came over our eyes. One fellow got an especially hazy look and "passed out." We conversed in a low monotone as if we were planning a sneak attack on a peaceful, law-abiding family in the loft. We spat incessantly on the dirt floor.

The illusion was complete in every detail, but the slightest disturbance from without immediately shattered the illusion. At the sound of approaching footsteps, each of us would prepare immediately to douse his "cig." Luckily nobody came near the place that day, but we were alert for any and all sounds.

We smoked the cigarettes beyond the stub stage until we almost had the ashes themselves in our mouths. A couple of us burned our fingers in our Scotch efforts. Then, dramatically, we threw what was left toward the floor. Sometimes the remains disintegrated and disappeared in mid-air, solving our problem of destroying the evidence. If the butt hit the floor, we stomped it out of sight. What was left of the pack we hid in the tile foundation and cautiously emerged from our lair. The sweet-smelling fresh air was welcome, but it instantly made us conscious of our own sweet-smelling breaths. We chewed on blades of grass, ate green apples, and blew our breaths in one another's faces to test their sweetness. We then "broke up" and set out for our respective homes. It rained that night, and our cigarettes were ruined. But we dried out the tobacco and ingeniously used it for pipe smoking.

We were finally forced to give up the whole smoking affair. First, we were afraid of being caught and punished. Second, we lacked the necessary funds for such an expensive pastime. And third, we didn't want to stunt our growth. After all, we were only eight.

"The Goateed Fuehrer"

LILLIAN GILBERT

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1945-1946

TRAVEL HAS CEASED TO BE A NOVELTY TO US. THE great improvements in transportation during the past years have so lessened distances that we no longer marvel at going from Chicago to New York in three or four hours. But, unfortunately, our delicate minds cannot as yet comprehend a journey to heaven and back in seven minutes, a journey William Dudley Pelley claims to have taken.

Although he was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, Pelley, the son of a Methodist clergyman, received his education in Springfield. When he was seventeen, he left school for the glamor of the business world. His entrance into the paper-manufacturing industry was timely, and he earned \$75,000 by the age of twenty-one.¹ A few years later Pelley owned and directed several evening newspapers in New England. As a newspaper publisher, he cultivated his interest in journalism and learned the fundamentals of printing and the tricks of writing that he was to use in later years in an avalanche of literature stressing racial discrimination, anti-Communism, and pro-Nazism. Intentionally or not, William Pelley schooled himself well for his life's work.

When World War I broke out in 1914, Pelley was surveying Protestant missions in the Far East for the Methodist *Centenary* and the Rockefeller Foundation. He joined the Red Cross in Siberia and worked in Czechoslovakia and White Russia. It was in Siberia that he realized how "World Jewry" was plotting to enslave the gentiles.² The Russian Revolution in 1917 convinced him that the Reds, backed by Jewry, were dangerous. Perhaps it was Pelley's close association with future Nazis which led him to believe that prominent Aryans would be alive today if it were not for Jew-administered poison.³ In this theory, he agrees with General Ludendorff, commander of the German Army, 1914-18, and Adolph Hitler. They said the German Army was never defeated on the field of battle, but rather by tricky diplomacy and a stab in the back by the Jews. I wonder to what Pelley is attributing the German defeat in 1945. He can hardly blame the Jews, as they were practically extinct in Germany before the United States entered the conflict.

¹ Samuel Levinson, "Pelley's Kampf," *Christian Century*, 57 (April 10, 1940), 478.

² Harold Lavine, *The Fifth Column in*

America, New York: Doubleday, Doran, & Co., 1940, p. 177.

³ Stanley High, "Star-Spangled Fascists," *Saturday Evening Post*, 111 (May 27, 1939), 8.

After the war, Pelley returned to the United States and lived a normal life as a script writer in Hollywood. He wasn't very successful, and, typically, he blamed the Jews for his failure. When the Welt-Dienst attacked Hollywood as the center of Judaism, and Fritz Kuhn demanded a "thorough cleansing of the Hollywood film industry of all alien subversive elements," Pelley wrote an article in the *Liberation* entitled "Who's Who in Hollywood — Find the Gentile."⁴

Then the miracle happened! On a warm spring evening in April, 1928, William Dudley Pelley died and went to heaven. What is unusual? Many people live good lives and are admitted to heaven after their death. However, Mr. Pelley returned to earth to tell us about it. He wrote a number of articles entitled "Seven Minutes in Eternity." He told how two young men in white uniforms caught him up as he traveled through "blue space." His conversation with the inhabitants of the other world informed him of the after-life and heaven. After his "lesson," he was whisked away by a blue vapor and awoke in his Hollywood bed feeling ill⁵ — no doubt from the strain of his journey.

Now came the change in Pelley's life. He was no ordinary man that God permitted to live on earth. He said of himself that "A prophet of God and the head of a New Christ Government has come to earth." He told how he received messages from the Great Pyramid on the right bank of the Nile River, "which is a great allegory of spiritual values."⁶ He forswore tobacco, liquor, coffee, and tea and decided to serve his country by saving it from the Jews and Communists. He won't die again until 1962, and by that time the world should be running smoothly. His articles gained him a large number of followers who were worried about their souls after death and wanted the "low down" from one who had been to heaven and knew. These fanatics later became the nucleus of the Silver Shirt Legion of America.

Pelley also informed the people about his right-hand man, the Oracle, who protected him from the plots of Jews and Communists. The Oracle is a little ghost that dictated Pelley's book, *No More Hunger*. According to Pelley's (or the Oracle's) plan, poverty would be eliminated by converting the United States into one great corporation representing the wealth of the nation. Every citizen would have an annual credit of \$1000, would be a stockholder, and would share in the dividends. One city in each state should be reserved for the Jews — a sort of "Beth Haven"; or else the Jews and Negroes could live on reservations with the Indians. In this book Pelley also says that Roosevelt is really Rosenfeldt, of Dutch-Jewish ancestry, and that WPA aid was denied American-born workers.⁷ The Oracle was evidently a little confused when he dictated this information, which cannot be proven.

⁴ Michael Sayers, *Sabotage*, New York and London: Harper & Brothers, 1942, p. 227.

⁵ Lavine, *op. cit.*, p. 173.

⁶ Levinson, *op. cit.*, p. 477.

⁷ *Ibid.*

For the next few years, Pelley continued writing about eternity and the after-life. While publishers shuddered at his name, his following increased.

On January 30, 1933, the day after Hitler took over the Third Reich, Pelley organized the Silver Shirt Legion of America, inspired by a conversation with Hitler via thought waves.⁸ With their headquarters in Asheville, North Carolina, the Silver Shirts soon ranked high among the "Star-Spangled Fascists" and were looking forward to *der Tag* in the United States. Pelley claimed he wasn't pro-Nazi at his trial in 1942, but on June 22, 1933, he wrote to Henry O. Spier, Nazi agent and editor in New York, "The adroit thing to do is let a spontaneous American movement be born here that has exactly similar principles and precepts to Hitler's, that shall be American in character and personnel, and that shall work shoulder to shoulder with German aims and purposes."⁹ He also offered to print Nazi literature on a reciprocal agreement. The extent of subversive movements in the United States was little realized by the American people before Pearl Harbor. By that time, our enemies were so deeply entrenched that we had to battle fiercely to rout them out.

The Silver Shirts grew so quickly that they were divided into nine district organizations covering twenty-five states: the New England, Manhattan, Capital, Pacific, Southern, Gulf, Great Lakes, Prairie, and Mountain districts.¹⁰ The local groups, "Councils of Safety," were composed of ten members each. Every member signed an application card giving his height, weight, physical disabilities, and previous military experience. It was a well-centralized organization. Each local group had its liaison officer, who was responsible to the state liaison officer, who in turn was subordinate to the executive committee.¹¹ Pelley, as national commander, A. H. Topler, comptroller, and Roy Zachary, secretary and "field marshal," composed the executive committee. Since Pelley had five votes and Zachary and Topler only three votes between them, all policies were decided upon by Pelley.¹²

The group's main function was to read Pelley's speeches and distribute copies of *Pelley's Weekly*. However, the Silver Shirts became linked with the Black Legion, which was organized as a military group and divided into squads. Each squad was given a "patriotic assignment" such as flogging, arson, or murder and was checked upon so that the work was well done.¹³ The Silver Shirts came to resemble the Ku Klux Klansmen, and became closely allied with the German Bund as Pelley often addressed Bund meetings.¹⁴

⁸ "Tarnished Silver Shirt," *Newsweek*, 19 (April 13, 1942), 29.

⁹ George Britt, *The Fifth Column Is Here*, New York: W. Funk, Inc., 1940, pp. 112-114.

¹⁰ Lavine, *op. cit.*, p. 184.

¹¹ High, *op. cit.*, p. 8.

¹² Lavine, *op. cit.*, p. 184.

¹³ John Roy Carlson, *Undercover*, Philadelphia: Blakeston Co., 1943, p. 275.

¹⁴ Britt, *op. cit.*, p. 112.

No detail was lacking in the organization of the Silver Shirt Legion, even to uniforms. That "there is something about a uniform" was realized by Adolph Hitler, and Pelley borrowed Hitler's psychology when he designed the Silver Shirt uniform. It consisted of a silver-colored shirt with a red *L* over the heart.

Pelley agreed with Father Coughlin and in an article about him wrote, "This past week, the aggressive Father Coughlin went on the air . . . and delivered what amounted to the prize Silver Shirt speech of the year." This speech was referred to by Christian leaders as fostering anti-Catholicism by encouraging anti-Semitism.¹⁵ And when the America First Committee entered the scene, the Silver Shirts had a new "pal." They climbed aboard the Committee bandwagon as Pelley exalted the men that were rescuing America.¹⁶

Roy Zachary, the "field marshal," predicted in 1938 that by 1939 the Silver Shirts would consist of 1,000,000 members. They would be a "huge reserve army to fight behind the established police force," a conquering host in the war on New Dealers, Jews, and Communists. Zachary encouraged the people to join the National Guard and arm themselves in preparation for the battles that were to come.¹⁷ This same man threatened in 1939 to assassinate the President "if nobody else will."¹⁸ Mr. Pelley evidently chose his associates well.

The Silver Shirts became troopers in the enemy's fifth column. For his excellent work in their organization, Pelley was made an honorary member of the Deutsche Zentral of the Germanischer-Bund, or the German League, whose headquarters were in Chicago. He said this honor was "in recognition of his work for the purging of our nation of its subversive elements, maliciously undermining the federal constitution."¹⁹ Obviously his job as a 100% American was now to translate Nazi propaganda into American patriotic terms.

Pelley's activities did not cease with his organization of the Silver Shirts. He had many other irons in the fire.

Immediately after his organization of the Silver Shirts, Pelley formed Galahad College, his "Foundation of Christian Economics," in Asheville. Since he sold unregistered stock and represented the college to be in sound condition, he was convicted in 1935 for violation of the North Carolina "blue sky" security laws and was given a two to three year suspended sentence pending good behavior.²⁰

Another enterprise was the Pelley Publishers, Inc. In 1936 the company was bankrupt, but in 1939, it expanded suddenly, purchased a bank building

¹⁵ Carlson, *op. cit.*, p. 56.

¹⁶ Sayers, *op. cit.*, p. 206.

¹⁷ Britt, *op. cit.*, p. 113.

¹⁸ Carlson, *op. cit.*, p. 173.

¹⁹ Britt, *op. cit.*, p. 114.

²⁰ "Silver Shirt, Stripped," *Time*, 39 (February 2, 1942), 20.

for a site, and was soon publishing two magazines, one monthly and one weekly. Pelley was a great promoter, and there is no way of knowing who financed him. The money might have been a German subsidy that was smuggled in on German boats.²¹ After all, Pelley Publishers, Inc., was listed on the Nazi "Roll of Honor."²²

An example of Pelley's work is his message to the American people in the *Galilean* in January, 1942. He declared that "the German and Italian declaration of war served the United States right." Two months after Pearl Harbor, he wrote, "The typical American . . . gloats when any of the Axis powers reports success abroad—even against our own forces."²³ The post office protested these declarations, and Pelley suspended publication.²⁴ In January, 1942, he also said he thought "the President would be convicted of being responsible for this war. . . . With the Nips controlling our Western Coast, maybe Hitler will be welcomed not as an enemy, but as a friend."²⁵ In that statement Mr. Pelley exhibited his pro-Nazi and anti-administration tendencies, and showed he was a leader in the "Roosevelt Impeachment Movement." One of his article headlines was "Four Million Militant Women Getting Congress Aid for Roosevelt Impeachment."²⁶

In 1936, Pelley ran for President on the Christian party ticket, with the campaign slogan "Christ or Chaos!" "The time has come for an American pogrom," he said. "When I'm President, I'll incorporate the Silver Shirts into a combination of a federal army and police force. I'm going to do away with the Department of Justice entirely."²⁷ Since Pelley's main foes were the Jews and the Communists, he combined his hatred for both by interlocking them with each other. Einstein is a Communist and the former head of the Communist party in Paris according to Pelley. Russia is Jewish and financed by Kuhn, Loeb, and Company. He hated Mussolini and described him as a Jewish Caesar till Mussolini began persecuting the Jews. Everything that Pelley disliked became associated with Jewry in his mind. He said, "The word Aryan simply denotes the white race at its summit of perfection."²⁸ Victim of this mania, Pelley was putty in the hands of the Nazis, for part of the Nazi psychological warfare was to divide the Americans, gentile against Jew. Werner Haag, second-in-command of the Friends of New Germany, reported to his Berlin superiors in a letter written on September 23, 1933, "It's child's play to make good anti-Semites of the Americans."²⁹ In printing the propaganda of the *Welt-Dienst*, Pelley aided the Germans.

This "dynamo of subversion" is a short man who wears a goatee, has hair streaked with gray and eyebrows artificially darkened. Such vanity for

²¹ High, *op. cit.*, p. 7.

²² Carlson, *op. cit.*, p. 133.

²³ "Milquetoast Gets Muscles," *Time*, 39 (April 13, 1942), 20.

²⁴ "Tarnished Silver Shirt," *op. cit.*, p. 29.

²⁵ Carlson, *op. cit.*, p. 283.

²⁶ Sayers, *op. cit.*, p. 157.

²⁷ Carlson, *op. cit.*, p. 151.

²⁸ Levinson, *op. cit.*, p. 478.

²⁹ Sayers, *op. cit.*, p. 143.

the man who was to save America! John Roy Carlson says of an interview with Pelley, "The most unforgettable impression was his handshake — the sweatiest, unhealthiest, clammiest handshake I ever hope to experience. . . . He smelled of decay."³⁰

What he lacked in personal appearance, however, Pelley made up for with his vicious pen. In his comments in his *Roll Call*, he showed what, in his opinion, made a man great. Praising Stephen A. Day, he said, "He takes his place on the patriotic honor roll along with Charles A. Lindbergh, Senators Gerald Nye and Burton K. Wheeler, Dr. Jacob Thorkelson and more."³¹ When Congressman Thorkelson of Montana blamed the war on the Jews and said, "Do not forget it will require the same medicine to cure the United States that brought about the cure in Germany," Pelley saluted him by writing, "Thank God, a new star of patriotic inspiration is arising over the horizon of Capitol Hill in Washington."³²

"Democracy is Jewish," said Pelley. "The New Deal — the Jew Deal is the last straw! I get reports. Violence is on its way. When it comes, we will be ready for it."³³ (No doubt, these reports came from the Great Pyramid.) Pelley had no faith in mob rule, unless his mob was ruling. The Silver Shirts were out to start a mass movement and attack those Americans who could be emotionally swayed. This appeal to the emotions was one of their strongest weapons. Pelley's brochure advertising the anti-Semitic forgery *Protocols of Zion*, in which the Jews are supposed to state their plans for world conquest, was mailed to the American public in envelopes franked by Congressman Hamilton Fish.³⁴ As for the violence, perhaps Pelley meant the association of the Silver Shirts with the German-American Bund, the Christian Mobilizers, and the Christian Fronters. Armed bands roamed the streets of some American cities looking for trouble and generally making themselves obnoxious. All these subversive organizations were indirectly working together and striking for the same goal.

Finally Pelley's activities came to the attention of Robert B. Barker, a Dies Committee investigator, who reported Pelley to the Committee in June, 1939. Conveniently, Pelley decided to disappear for a while, and the Dies Committee subpoena couldn't be delivered. But the fugitive didn't remain under cover very long. In February, 1940, Representative Frank Hook of Michigan inserted into the *Congressional Record* certain letters linking Mr. Dies with the Silver Shirts. Pelley then appeared and said, "None of these letters were written by me, composed by me, or signed by me . . . I am giving Martin Dies an absolutely clean bill of health."³⁵

³⁰ Carlson, *op. cit.*, p. 150.

³¹ *Ibid.*, p. 231.

³² Britt, *op. cit.*, p. 113.

³³ High, *op. cit.*, p. 8.

³⁴ Sayers, *op. cit.*, p. 193.

³⁵ "Fish Fry," *Time*, 35 (February 19, 1940), 17.

The following day, Pelley was called before the Committee. When asked if the Dies Committee investigation would ruin the Silver Shirts, he replied, "Yes, sir . . . and with my blessing . . . you've gone ahead and done a good job. . . . If the Dies Committee goes ahead, my work is done."³⁶ Appearing to enjoy his confession, he said, "If the Silver Shirts achieved their aim, I would have become leader of the government and would have put Hitler's policy into effect." He further confessed that he was anti-Semitic and agreed with Hitler regarding the Jewish element.

On January 28, 1941, David Mayne, research worker, admitted forging two letters attempting to show Dies' friendship for the Silver Shirts. For these letters, Mayne received \$105 from Gardner Jackson, then legislative representative of Labor's Non-Partisan League, who gave them to Hook. Representative Hook apologized to the House when convinced the letters were fake.³⁷

A disastrous year for Pelley was 1941. In April he was arrested and was to return to North Carolina to face violation of his parole charges. When his bail was revoked, his attorney said the revocation was "a murderous assault on American civil liberties and an attempt to institute totalitarian methods in courts of the United States."³⁸ On January 21, 1942, he was sentenced to two to three years for violation of his good behavior proviso.

On July 23, 1942, Pelley and the Silver Shirts were indicted by the Washington Federal Grand Jury on charges of conspiracy to provoke revolt within the United States Armed Forces by distributing false statements. The case was tried at Indianapolis. One of the Government's chief witnesses was Dr. Harold Lasswell, propaganda analysis expert with the Library of Congress, who testified that 1,195 German propaganda statements were listed in Pelley's publications. Boxes of German propaganda literature were found in Pelley's home.³⁹

Denying that he was anti-Semitic and pleading for his constitutional right and his freedom of speech, he said he never wrote "a damn thing in the magazine that Boake Carter, 'Ironpants' Johnson, Father Coughlin and many others haven't also said."⁴⁰ He and his attorneys tried to prove that the United States was bankrupt. And he also maintained that his publications weren't intended for army camps because he didn't want to incite the soldiers to rebellion.

Justice finally triumphed, and on August 13, 1942, Pelley was sentenced to fifteen years in prison. Perhaps today he is amusing himself in conversation with the inhabitants of the other world, or in interpreting the messages

³⁶ *Ibid.*

³⁷ *New York Times*, January 28, 1941, p. 21.

³⁸ *New York Times*, April 18, 1941, p. 16.

³⁹ *New York Times*, August 1, 1942, p. 3.

⁴⁰ "Milquetoast Gets Muscles," *op. cit.*, p. 20.

from the Great Pyramid on the Nile. For the next few years, the "Goateed Fuehrer" will be safe behind locked doors and iron bars — a just recompense for a traitor to the United States.

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Sorrow

During May of my senior year in high school a member of the faculty, who had been a very dear friend of mine, died suddenly. She had been out in the school garden demonstrating to a class the best method of turning the soil in preparing it for planting when she suffered a heart attack. When told of what had happened I was incredulous. Certainly there was some mistake. I had seen her that very morning—had thought at the time that after my classes were over for the day, I would go to her office and spend some time talking with her, a habit I had formed early in the year. When I was finally convinced of the truth of the report, what was actually an overwhelming sorrow seemed a succession of emotions. At first the apparent injustice tore at my soul, and there arose in my mind countless questions searching for an excuse, a justification of what had happened. Why did it have to be she, a person who knew the meaning of understanding, of truth, of life, a teacher from whom one learned more than merely the subject at hand, a brilliant and gracious woman? Next I found myself hating everyone who had known her, people, I felt, who could have prevented the tragedy. I hated the head of her department, who, in my eyes, had been directly responsible for the heaviness of her exhausting program; I hated her friends, who should have protested when it became obvious that she was being overburdened; I hated her students, who, I thought, were stupid, unappreciative dullards, unworthy of her teaching. The third surge of emotions was purely selfish. The realization that there would be no more afternoon chats, no more half-serious, half-sportive discussions, no more early-morning bird trips together with dew still glistening on green fields, was an intolerable one for me. My life had lost one bright light, one sustaining ray of hope.—CAMILLE PLACZEK

Childhood in Tuscany

CARLO GHILARDUCCI

Final Examination, Rhetoric II, 1945-1946

I SHALL NEVER FORGET MY CHILDHOOD, ELEVEN SUNNY and joyous years spent far away from here, in a fertile Tuscan valley near the Italian Riviera. Many people may say that perhaps I belong where I was born, or that if I long so much for my native land, I should go back to it. But my difficulty in forgetting my childhood and my longing for the land of my birth are normal reactions experienced by every human being, and when I think of my childhood I must remember Tuscany.

Tuscany is a hilly country. The particular section where I lived was the Serchio Valley, in the province of Lucca, three miles to the east of the capital city, which incidentally bears the same name. The Apuan Alps, deep, massive, majestic, rose to the north and hid the Po Valley. To the south stood the meeker, greener Pisan Mountains. On the Pisan Mountains we felled Christmas trees in the winter and gathered mushrooms in the summer. The adults carried on business and social intercourse with the mountain people, trafficking in wine, corn, chestnuts, and other produce; but we children thought of the mountains in terms of panoramas to behold — on both sides of the peaks — and heights to conquer. Generally the excuse to our parents was that we had to get Christmas trees for the priest's *presepio*.

I can remember that we went to school only during the morning, from about eight o'clock to noon. School was strict, and the teacher used the straight-edge for other purposes than drawing straight lines. Before us, on the front wall, behind the teacher, hung a crucifix between portraits of the mustachioed and brassy Victor Emmanuel and Il Duce in mufti. Il Duce had a deep look in his eyes, and at first he used to scare me; no matter where I sat, he wouldn't take his eyes off me. The teacher told us weird stories of adventure and romance about him, and soon the entire class got to like him. The scholastic year ended in June. I remember very little of my summer vacations except that my mother regularly took me to my uncle, Father Banducci, whose parish was at the foot of the Apuan Alps, and asked me to live with him for a good third of the vacation time. Since he was an inveterate hunter and a trainer of birds, we often went hunting together after mass. My uncle was indeed a man with insight; he never let me tire of his hospitality. When he thought the time had come, he said, "Better hop on your bike and get yourself out of here, Carlo." And I returned to my family and friends and joined once more the junior soccer team.

As gold tinged the leaves, we sensed the end of summer. Lameley we trudged to the schoolhouse; sighing, we sat under the all-embracing look of

Il Duce. We knew him now; we had inquired from our grandfathers about him; he had done strange things, great things. Holidays of national importance were celebrated around the end of October and the beginning of November. October 28, the anniversary of the March on Rome, was followed by November 4, Armistice Day. On these days all the little boys donned their black-shirted uniforms. I was the patrol leader. With the red stripes properly sewn on my fez and sleeve, I led my mates in formation past the grandstand, where the officials from Lucca, haughty, black-shirted, looked at us as Il Duce did from the picture. There was something contemptuous in their countenances. We boys knew it. They wanted to give the impression that they were not subordinates, that they too could look at us as he did from that picture. But somehow we knew better, and we returned their haughty looks.

Then came Christmas, followed by New Year's Day, and, soon after, the two weeks of Carnival which ended February. Each of the good farmers celebrated carnival-time by killing a pig. Early in the morning the first squeal awakened me. I got up and looked at the half-sun peeking from behind the hill, and without washing, or wearing any shoes, I dashed in the direction of the squeal. Upon arriving, I witnessed the most thrilling episode that an Italian youngster could wish to behold: a farmer killing a pig with an ice-pick. The poor animal ran around with the ice-pick in his heart, squealing and snorting like a fire-truck, to the amusement of all the boy spectators. Soon other squeals were heard, and before long every pig was in his last agony. This was the morning of Mardi Gras.

Mardi Gras I remember vividly — the busiest day of the year for the Tuscan farmer. Each skinned and dressed his pig, made sausages and mortatelle and salami. All boys and girls loved to watch their elders pack the meat the coming night.

On Mardi Gras clowns, harlequins, and unimaginable other masks paraded through the streets. We heard of carnivals in the big cities, Venice, Naples — we heard of the floats and costumes and decorations — and celebrations. And the priest from the pulpit never ceased warning the youths that "the day will come when". . . that "during the weeks preceding Lent and Easter people should busy themselves with occupations more profitable to the soul than carnivals." I got the impression that the older boys and the men, except grandfathers, paid little heed to the good priest, but I didn't care. I was too young to attend carnivals anyway!

Easter, Italy's greatest religious feast, follows Mardi Gras: colored eggs, rabbits, religious processions, and the priest discharging bolts upon the sinners of Mardi Gras. I always wondered how the priest could find out by Easter Sunday what had happened on "fat Tuesday," until it occurred to me that he heard confessions.

Soon the summer vacation started again, and again I tramped about with

Father Banducci. I have treated only the perennially normal routine of the Tuscan farm boy, disregarding political and military campaigns during this time. This story is not only my story, but that of the average boy from the Serchio Valley. So I'll never forget Tuscany—not because of my proficiency in catechism, which won me a trip to Rome, nor because of many other individual episodes which I experienced during those eleven years; but because of the feasts and parties that have been celebrated for countless generations, about which one hears, in the wintertime by the fireside, from his grandfather. I'll never forget Tuscany because of the good priest who seemed to know everything about what everyone did and made me wonder whether he was a seer. I'll never forget Tuscany because of the all-encompassing look of that picture to the right of Christ behind the teacher.

“Klonker”

JACK M. CAMPBELL

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1945-1946

I FIRST HEARD THE WORD “KLONKER” IN 1937. A TRUCK driver called his truck a “klonker” and aroused my curiosity. He told me the word had been in use among truckers for a few years and was used quite often, especially by cross-country drivers. Later the term became more significant to me when I heard it in the conversations of Army Air Force personnel.

Broadly speaking, a “klonker” is a machine that repeatedly fails to function properly, but the term is usually limited to a description of a truck or an airplane. The appellation is based on the mechanical performance history. But it is often used loosely to refer to any vehicle that is either worn out or otherwise unsatisfactory. For example, a plane that develops mechanical quirks suddenly, or before it should, is a “klonker.” Then, too, an old worn-out plane is usually a “klonker.”

A “klonker” is the black sheep of mass production that never performs like its brothers. From the day the airplane rolls off the assembly line till it crashes, is shot down, or condemned to a just grave in the junkpile it is not so fast as it should be. Too, it may be difficult to control, have awkward flight characteristics, and be in constant need of repairs.

When I was a pilot in a B-24, Liberator, squadron we were unfortunate enough to have a typical “klonker”—066. When new, it spent more time on the maintenance line than two ships should; it did not improve as it became older. I flew 066 on a mission to Vienna, and I do mean *to* Vienna, because we did not return all the way home. I needed extra power and luck

to get off the runway. Then followed five minutes of filling the bomb bays with leaves and twigs before it would climb. We vibrated to the target using increasingly higher power settings to stay in formation. There was the usual hell over the target—the “rally”; then we were headed for home. The crew reported a few “flak” holes and minor damages which did not interfere with flying the ship. Soon, however, the superchargers started cutting out, only one of the mechanical difficulties we had before we landed. We had to drop out of formation, and for the next few hours we had fighters, gas, weather, and so on to worry about. Fortunately we got into a British fighter strip in Northern Italy.

Later, 066 was fitted with some new engines and did fly a few more times before crashing. “Klonkers” of this type caused the word to be embellished, often, with a few of the more choice descriptive adjectives.

A “klonker” can also be the result of too much imagination on the part of engineering officers. During the war a pictorial magazine contained an article about a B-24 that was made at an overseas base. This happened in my group. The forward half of one wrecked airplane and the rear half of another were added together. The sum was a “klonker.” I suppose in the pictures the machine looked like any other B-24; but the magazine failed to mention that the thing flew like a drunken duck. I “waddled” that plane around the sky one day and spent the next day drinking cognac and writing a letter to Headquarters explaining why it should be permanently grounded. It was retested and grounded.

The word “klonker” is slowly gaining popularity in army slang, and, if returning veterans use the word in civilian life, it may eventually find its way into the dictionary alongside “jeep,” “blitz,” and “bazooka.”

Rain on Saturday

CAROLINE MADDOX

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1945-1946

THE DOORS BANGED SHUT AFTER US, AND THE OLD streetcar rattled off downhill. We darted across the stream of traffic in its wake and ran like children down steep cobblestones to the canal. Panting, we landed on the shaky footbridge over the slow water.

“Look!” Paula groaned, leaning on the rusty bridge rail. “Look at that sky!”

“Well, it isn’t going to rain today,” Charles insisted, and we all three turned around, scanning the heavy sky for a patch of blue. But there was no blue and no sunshine. Charles picked up the swimming bag from the planks, and we trailed down three steps onto the tow-path. Brushing past Queen

Anne's lace and coarse purple clover, we walked along silently, still hoping the sun would come out. I was thinking of all the sunny days we had come along this path before, going toward the river and the canoe house. I heard a sigh behind me.

"Last summer," Paula said, "remember?"

I was about to say, "Remember the watermelon?" when Charles turned half impatiently.

"Paula, it isn't good to live in the past."

"Oh you do, yourself!" she retorted.

"I never live in the past."

The old dispute was as finished as it had ever been, with most of the arguments on both sides left unsaid. I was on Paula's side; I, too, liked to go back to familiar places and relive old happiness. We both wanted this Saturday afternoon to be as perfect as the ones we remembered. But the sky was brewing thicker between us and the sun, and a damp unsteady wind was blowing. I knew it was useless to hope that we could paddle up the river to our "waterfall," swim from a strip of sand along the woods, and lie blistering on the warm rocks as we used to do. Still — I wanted to remember.

We passed under the great steel arch of Key Bridge and along the hard-packed path. There was another little bridge to cross; then the path branched away from the canal to a flat white stone at an opening in the weeds. We stopped and saw how suddenly the stone stairs plunged down the bank. From the top they always looked impossibly steep, but with one impulse we ran down the steps together, landing chaotically on the cinders at the bottom. Straight across the abandoned railroad track we ran, and into the weathered white doorway of the sprawling canoe house. The old dimness greeted us, and the old easy smell of wood and river water. The stairs were tumbling up the wall on the left, and cracked uneven floor sloped out under canoe racks on the right. A few people stood around. Several brown-shouldered boys were lifting canoes onto the racks. Nothing had changed at all.

I couldn't help remembering. I remembered the river glinting in the sun, the paddles flashing, Charles singing lustily, and Art's black eyes squinting against the bright sky; but it didn't help any to remember Art and sunshine, for beyond the eaves of the boathouse the wide Potomac was solemn and grey. The sky hung unmoving. Charles, who had walked out onto the pier to look at the clouds, was talking to an old man. Leaning against a post, placidly, the old man "reckoned there wouldn't be no more canoein' today," and as he spoke, the rain began. It quickened the water and sank into the dry grey pier as fast as it fell. There was confusion and shouting as things were dragged up the long dock to shelter:

"No more canoes going out today," a boy told us as he passed.

We looked at each other blankly.

"Well —," Charles began, and, hunching his shoulders, grinned suddenly.

"Let's do *something!*" I said. We took a last look around the room and walked out into the rain.

Aimless and happy, we wandered up along the shore, while the rain fell thicker. We walked on wet cinders, through wet clumpy grass, across softening earth. Sometimes a branch, shaken by a swirl of wind, shed water on us as we passed. Paula's hair began to cling to her forehead and curl up impishly; mine hung down as straight and stringy as willow leaves. Charles had soon rolled his trousers up around his calves. With his shoes in one hand and our bag of swimming suits in the other, he swung along.

"*L'amour est enfant du Boheme!*" he sang. His wild tenor pranced through the French, and when he came to the place where he knew only the English words, we joined him. "Love is only a wood-bird wild —" Paula began lagging behind. Finally she stopped altogether.

"There's the river," she said. "I can't stand not being in it!" She sat down on a stone and looked across the gentle slope of bank to the water.

"Ya, we're all wet anyhow," I added, sitting down beside her.

"Hell, kids," shouted Charles, "let's go!" And he flung his shoes into the crotch of a cottonwood tree. Pulling off his limp shirt he stripped to his old brown trunks. Skinny and brown, with his hair standing up on his head in short wet spikes, he stood grinning like a wood sprite. Paula and I tossed our shoes onto the heap in the tree and found a path into some big-leaved weeds. There, sheltered from the river and the path by mist and leaves, we squirmed into our dry swimming suits and folded our wet clothes haphazardly into the duffel bag. Our hair was almost dripping; the big leaves around us ran water; our feet and our faces were glistening wet. Everything was wet except the suits.

Charles was about to leap off the bank as we came out. Yelling, "*Allons, Car'lina!*" he grabbed my hand and we all three hit the water together. Charles ducked and swam, his feet churning like a paddle wheel, his head well under. Paula struck out from shore with hardly a splash. I lunged out beside her, pulling with long strokes against the cool current while the river tugged at my hair. Ahead was the low island, desolate through the rain, with broken stumps and limbs hanging out into the mist. The rain fell steadily from greyness into grey water. I let my feet sink under me and pull me down, idly; then dared to open my eyes. Bottomless twilight was closing in. In swift terror I blew out all my breath, shot to the surface, and swam noisily toward shore until my knees scraped sand. Panting, I climbed up to sit on a tree root which crooked out over the water. I heard bare feet slapping wetly along the bank behind me, and Charles leaned silently against the tree, staring over my head at the river. From the grey-brown shallows Paula rose dripping, exulting in the cold clean wind. The river eddied past, and through wet branches the rain kept dropping.

Teacher's Pet

I recall the day of our final examination. George was excused from the test because of his excellent work during the year in Tactful Politeness and because he was such a good boy. George never faltered when called on in class. When he did not know his subject, he talked very rapidly and sounded quite elegant. On the few occasions that the teacher seemed dubious of the answers, George pleaded his cause like a frustrated "D.A." to a cold jury.

During the year, many facts of history and geography were changed by George's misstatements. When he said Cuba was in the East Indies, the teacher said he meant the eastern part of the West Indies. Even if George did say the American Revolution was fought in 1785, he did have the correct century.

George loved attention, and he received a great amount of it during the semester from both the class and the teacher, although only the latter's was of any good to him.—EDWARD DEGGINGER

Thelma — Waitress

Thelma is a waitress. Of course being a waitress is just temporary. Thelma is really an actress. She is just working as a waitress until her big chance to act comes along. She has read a lot about actresses' being "discovered" while working as waitresses, so she doesn't mind her job at all.

Thelma never misses a chance to show her talent. When she walks up to a customer's table, she "slinks." Thus she shows her excellent figure and her ability to play sultry roles on the stage. While taking the customer's order, she gazes upon him with deep, smoldering eyes and replies to his questions in a low, throbbing voice. Her voice shows her ability for heavy, dramatic parts. When she brings the order, from which something is always missing, she changes over to the musical comedy type. Thelma bounces up to the table, does a few dance steps, sings under her breath, flashes sparkling smiles, and in general shows her bubbling personality.—JOHN MAHONEY

My Earth Nest

One afternoon in early summer, I set my fish lines along the bank of the lake and returned into the woods to wander around. Near the base of a sixty-foot oak tree, I came upon a fuzzy young jay bird which had fallen from its nest. I saw that the nest was far out on a slender limb, and I knew I could never place the bird back in the nest; therefore I dug a tiny cave under a root of the oak, lined it with dry buffalo grass, and placed the bird in my earth nest. I then took a handful of small sticks and worked them around the door of the cave until only a tiny air hole remained for the bird to breathe through. I went down to my fishing poles and returned with my can of worms. Using a small split willow branch, I fed the blue jay all the worms it would eat so that it would stop calling, for by this time the two parent blue jays were humming around in the branches above my head. I carefully covered the air hole to my earth nest with a thick hickory brush to keep a stray dog from digging it out.

—FRANKLIN HAMILTON

Liberation from the East

DANIEL DEITCH

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1945-1946

ON A WARM JUNE DAY IN 1944 WE BEGAN TO HEAR THE distant sound of artillery fire. We American prisoners-of-war had long waited in silence, isolated from the world, for the day of liberation. Those intermittent rumblings and distant blastings seemed to be building a bridge of sound across to us. They were the notes of a herald's trumpet announcing the coming of peace and freedom.

Not only did those sounds raise in us high hopes of liberation; they demonstrated an important fact to us, the fact that things do change after all. The many months of prison life had inscribed upon our consciousness the impossibility of change. Thus it would always be: roll call, cabbage soup, and roll call, from day to day, year following year. And even though we subconsciously felt the future would bring freedom, we could not deny the reality of our daily existence. But when the sounds of gunfire reached our ears, we knew that the mighty Red Army had burst into the Hitlerian fortress and that the hour of liberation was drawing closer.

Heydekrug, the town near which our camp was located, is in East Prussia and very close to the Lithuanian border. The camp itself was divided into three sections, one for British, one for Canadian, and one for American prisoners-of-war. All the men, with few exceptions, had served in the Air Forces. Some of the British had been captives for five years, but the Americans were mainly newcomers, most of them having been captured within the past year.

About a week before the Russian drive began, the invasion of France had taken place. The news reached us via the grapevine and was confirmed the next day when a German newspaper bearing the headline *Die Invasion Hat Begonnen* was circulated through the camp. Everyone was excited; some of the English wept; but most of the men tossed jokes back and forth over the double fence separating the British and American compounds. As important as the invasion was, however, the Russian drive concerned us more because we were right in its path.

News and rumors — mostly rumors — were always the high points of the day. Our own "official" bulletin, based on B. B. C. broadcasts, was secretly read in each barracks. It came from the British compound, where there was said to be a hidden radio receiver. Other news came from the German newspapers which were given out from time to time by the Germans themselves. New prisoners were always closely interrogated for the latest "poop." The verified news, that news confirmed through German

sources, we plotted on a map. When the Germans admitted the fall of Kaunas, we knew that the Russians were only one hundred kilometers to the east of us. And several days later, Vic, with his infantryman's sensitive ear, estimated that the Russians were about forty-five kilometers away. Vic, one of the few infantrymen in our camp, was a short, stocky lad from New Jersey who had been captured at Salerno.

At roll call that morning it was announced that the camp was going to be evacuated. All men in E, F, and G blocks in the American compound would leave that afternoon. H block and the Canadians would leave the next morning. The British would follow later. Since the Germans allowed quantities of Red Cross food and clothing to be distributed, scarcity changed to abundance. Formerly, it was difficult, if not impossible, to get a toothbrush; now everyone had two or three. New G. I. shoes were given out, but most men, anticipating a long march, didn't take them. The piles of discarded clothing grew rapidly.

In my barracks everyone was in high spirits. Ed Jurist, a tall, handsome fellow, wearing his new, clean clothes, was explaining in exaggerated pantomime how he would arrive in the States. "Here I am getting off the boat," he was saying as he tossed his kit-bag on his shoulder. "Mother, Dad, and the family doctor are waiting with a wheel chair. And here I come dashing down the gangplank, a picture of health. . . ." Everyone laughed. Shorty Robison pointed with pride to his new roll of toilet paper. He had tied it with a string to the head of his bunk. "Beautiful stuff!" he exclaimed, stroking it lovingly.

The men in my barracks were fortunately part of H block and would remain behind overnight. It seemed to us that every hour's delay increased the chances of our being liberated. Every hour brought the Russians closer. Meanwhile E, F, and G blocks were preparing to leave. The men were cheerful and kept saying that they wouldn't get very far. "Why, we're probably cut off already!" they optimistically asserted. Strangely enough, they came marching back several hours later. The Germans said they would leave early the next morning. Again our hopes were raised, and we celebrated that night in my barracks by cooking a big meal of spaghetti, potatoes, and spam. For dessert we had bread and jam, and coffee. Outside we could still hear the distant rumble of gunfire. That night more than one G. I. went to bed expecting to wake up a free man.

The next morning all was quiet. E, F, and G blocks were already empty. A melancholy hang-over-like atmosphere prevailed. At noon the German guards in their shabby, green uniforms came in and lined us up. During the march to Heydekrug, a particularly mean guard at the end of the column was pushing and clubbing the stragglers with his rifle.

At Heydekrug we were crammed into boxcars. From a small window I

could observe with great satisfaction that the German civilians were fleeing. The train took us to Memel, which lies on the Baltic Sea. There we were packed into the hold of a dark, ugly freighter; and several hours later, the ship set sail, bearing its load of miserable, disappointed G. I.'s to a new prison camp.

Basic Training — Oh!

GEORGE J. MOODY

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1945-1946

IF A HARMLESS-SOUNDING PHRASE COULD CONJURE UP visions of a full-fledged bogey-man, then to a great number of ex-G.I.'s the term would be "basic training." Basic training is the initial period of breaking-in which army recruits get immediately after induction. During World War II American soldiers were given from a few weeks to three months of this, depending on the time available.

"Basic," as soldiers soon learn to contract it, includes training in the use of weapons, in military sanitation, discipline, and courtesy, and in the care and cleaning of everything military from Sherman tanks to scrub brushes. From the dyed-in-the-wool army viewpoint this period is defined as "gettin' the damned civilian out of 'em." It is a complete reorientation from civilian standards to military. It is a continued succession of shocks, each with the impact of ice water from a fire hose. One of the rookie's few blessings is that he is so bewildered that his senses are only half-functioning anyway.

It is in the mind of the G.I. that "basic" has its richest meaning. What does he think of it? Someone has said that the basis of soldier humor is self-pity. After the first week of army life our brand-new soldier casts about and discovers that he, and he only, is the prize "sad sack." It is a tragedy that in its completeness becomes comic. At times it requires a humor truly English in its degree — that of the hunter who, when cornered in a very small tree by a very large, hungry bear, laughed till the tears came because it was so very funny.

The rookie's normal reaction to his new uniform (either of the two army sizes, too large or too small), K.P., top-sergeants, blisters, and his own inadequacy in "right flanks" and "about faces" is a slightly psychopathic but loud guffaw. Of course some take a different attitude: they either try to drown the situation or jump off second floor landings or commit harakiri with a bayonet laced to the bed post.

What sort of thing could bring about such exaggerated reactions? Perhaps a typical day of the trainee's life will give some indication. Let us take as our day the middle of the second week. The initial shock is over. The individual's privacy has evaporated into thin air; he is convinced there is no small detail of his personal affairs which the army does not consider its business. He has been made to look ridiculous in a fatigue suit and a cloth hat that droops around the edge like a bonnet. He has been given a serial number large enough to produce a feeling of insignificance. And he has assimilated the rudiments of military protocol — that corporals are addressed as "Corporal," while his own title varies from "Hey you," to the more merciful Smith or Brown.

Does the big day begin with a cooing voice awakening him to a breakfast of bacon and eggs and his morning paper in the kitchen nook? The time when those things happened seems far away. The scream of the C.Q.'s whistle yanks him unceremoniously from the remaining privacy of his dreams. "Rise and shine; daylight in the swamps!" the C.Q. yells, not too happy himself at having to get dressed fifteen minutes early. In ten minutes the company is dressed and standing in ranks for reveille. It is pointed out to our hero that his leggings are on the wrong legs and that his left blouse pocket is disgracefully unbuttoned.

The formation is dismissed for breakfast and he hopes the coffee will be good. However there is a transportation tie-up — and no salt for the potatoes and the eggs. He begins to appreciate such womanly skills as bed-making after barely completing his before-work-call. The first hour of training is calisthenics. Audible crackling noises and groans accompany a series of push-ups, ballet-exercises, and a waist reducing fast quarter.

"Men, there is a parade at nine o'clock. You have five minutes to change uniforms and clean your rifles." One week ago this feat would have been an impossibility, but in five minutes the rookie bursts from the barracks with the prescribed uniform, snapping smartly to attention with a violence that shows his newly acquired ambition to be a good soldier.

At ten there is another quick change of uniforms and a practice period in simulated range firing. A little mud never bothers a military man, so Joe wallows first in kneeling position, then squatting, and finally flat on his stomach, training his weapon on the target. Next there is a class in military courtesy, which clarifies his social position, or lack of it, and in which he and another rookie must practice approaching each other and saluting. The war seems irrelevant and far away.

There is some ingredient missing in the noon meal also, but a different one this time.

The afternoon begins with a ten-mile hike. One man makes his appearance with a lot of equipment hung here and there on his person, making

him look like a poorly-harnessed horse. His helmet hangs over one eye, Princess Eugenie style; some sort of contraption is dangling below his knees by a loose strap, and he is trying to complete this surrealistic toilet on the move. Of course it rains during the hike.

Tired, and not happy, the group returns for another quick change act with shower, shave, and clean uniform for retreat ceremony. Joe's rifle passes inspection and he looks forward to an evening of relaxation at the beer garden. But it just isn't in the cards; there are diphtheria shots for everyone immediately after dinner, and a training film which must be seen from seven to eight-thirty. Do we blame him if he gives up now?

Often, a G.I.'s definition of basic training is not printable. At least, at the end of the period he feels that the worst is over. Months later, ducking slugs in a foxhole, he will nudge his buddy and say, "So you think this is rough; you should have taken basic with my gang."

Anatole France by Joseph Axelrad

HAROLD PENDLETON

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1945-1946

IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT A BIOGRAPHER MUST PRACTICE inflexible self-restraint if he is to give an accurate portrayal of his subject. Though this rule generally holds true, that it is fallible is adequately proven by Axelrad's *Anatole France*. Axelrad's love for French culture, and especially for that portion of it depicted by Anatole France, is apparent from page one. But it is a love which enhances, rather than distorts, the factual data concerning the life of the old master.

Axelrad's warmth and admiration are transmitted to us as we are drawn a picture of a life rich in experience. We are shown France, the student who preferred the Parisian bookstalls to a geography class; France, the librarian who preferred reading to cataloguing; France, the husband who preferred a mistress to a wife; and France, the writer who preferred an interesting digression to an interesting plot. That Anatole France did much "rolling" along unconventional byways is true, but, contrary to the old proverb, he "gathered moss" in great quantity. It almost seems that from the time of his birth in 1844 to the time of his death in 1923 nothing escaped his gentle, tolerant eye; and from all he saw, Anatole France formed his philosophy of skepticism and irony. Whether he wrote as a critic for *Le Temps* or as the brilliant satirist who conceived *Penguin Island*, his skepticism and irony always characterized his words in a humorous, understanding, questioning way.

When one questions everything, he is sure to run aground frequently, and Anatole was no exception. In 1922 all of his works — *Thaïs*, *Revolt of the Angels*, *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*, etc. — were placed on the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* by the venerable old Catholic Church. France's reaction was typical of what his reactions had always been: he was unaffected. As a matter of fact, he was somewhat pleased to join the ranks of Spinoza, Bacon, Gibbon, Hugo, Renan, Voltaire, and all the rest who were "outside the pale" of the church.

It is difficult to choose a paragon from the many gems in Anatole France's works. But I think it in the interests of justice to include a few of his words, which, to me, are evidence of a delicate and comprehending nature rather than a vicious one. Reading them, I find it difficult to understand how anything offensive could be construed from such wise words:

"The history of the world may be abridged from many volumes to one sentence: They were born, they suffered, and they died."

"Without illusions men are incapable of greatness."

"One generation will laugh at what the previous one adored."

"I would rather do an immoral act than a cruel one."

More Than Human

WILLIAM GRUBB

Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1945-1946

WHEN THOMAS A. EDISON STARTED WORK ON HIS first incandescent lamp, he was confronted by four problems: electricity must be admitted into the bulb, light must get out, heat must not melt the bulb, and air must be permanently kept out. Bulbs of glass fulfilled these requirements exactly. He sent to the Corning Glass Works in Corning, New York, for such bulbs in which to house his glowing filament.

The glass blower at Corning had little difficulty in making these bulbs. He attached a bubble of glass, looking like red-hot taffy candy, to the end of a six-foot steel tube. This fluid drop he twirled around his head until centrifugal force pulled it out into a long pear. The glass blower fashioned the bulb into shape by puffing into his tube, by patting the bubble with a paddle of burned wood, and by rolling it on a steel table. When the glass began to congeal, he snipped it off with a pair of shears. A moment later it solidified into the desired bulb.

From this hesitant start the demand for bulbs grew to a million a day. Though a good glass blower with a helper could blow 1500 bulbs a day, it

became apparent that if the demand was to be supplied, a machine must be built that could increase production.

The glass blower must control the sagging and flowing of the glass, the pressure of the air entering it, and the twirling of the pipe. If something goes wrong he must blow or twirl faster or slower to restore balance. Could an inanimate machine develop the skill to do this? By carefully studying and measuring the reactions to temperature and dozens of other properties of glass, men made a machine that could control the process with scientific precision, and thus proved that scientific control can achieve a result that was thought possible only by means of human skill. Only through the use of such machinery is a low-priced bulb possible.

In a modern glass-blowing machine a stream of glass flows from a brick faucet in the side of a brick furnace, down between two steel rollers which flatten the glass stream into a ribbon. One roller, which has indentations in its surface, leaves thick buns of molten glass spaced three inches apart on the ribbon. These glass buns remain hot longer than the neighboring thin sections. The ribbon is carried along on a chain of steel plates, and in the plate under each glass bun is a hole, through which the molten glass sags to form a constantly growing pear-shaped drop. When each drop has grown to an inch in length, a moving nozzle clamps down over the top of the bun and gently blows air against the hot glass so that it will expand and thin out into a bubble. Shortly thereafter two half-molds rise up from opposite sides to accompany the glass bubble; they close together about it as it moves along. These steam-lined molds, spinning rapidly, soon round the outside of the bubble to the desired shape, while the inside is constantly pressed outward by air entering from above. Only steam and air touch the bulb until the glass freezes solid. Then the two halves of the mold open and return to repeat the process on another bubble.

When the finished bulb reaches a certain place, it is broken loose from the glass ribbon by a smart tap from an automatic mallet, after which it is deposited on a wide asbestos belt. There, with hundreds of its fellows, it rides through a long oven, where it is heated to relieve strains which might later cause breakage. The bulbs coming from the oven in an endless stream are inspected and packed by nimble-fingered girls. The glass ribbon whose former bun sections are now holes returns to the furnace for remelting and reworking, with the possibility next time of finding itself in a bulb instead of in the discards.

At one instant glass is pouring out of a furnace in a molten stream. A few seconds later this same glass is frozen into bulbs exactly the size and shape wanted. It would be incorrect to say that a machine which can do this is almost human. So far as glass blowing is concerned it is more than human — its abilities are those of 2000 men.

The Drafting of an Aeronautical Chart

CAROLINE MADDOX

Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1945-1946

THE ACTUAL DRAFTING OF A MAP IS PROBABLY ONE of the simplest operations in the whole process of map making, but it is no less important that the draftsman be careful and accurate than that the compiler be sure of his material.

The draftsman needs to know practically nothing about how the map he is to draft has been compiled. He is given the finished "compilation" of information gathered from surveyings, aerial photographs, and other maps, in the form of an accurate drawing in color pencil of the rivers, contours, towns, roads, and railroads which are to appear on the finished map.

The draftsman has four sheets of acetate, a semi-clear, flexible material, on which are printed grid lines (meridians and parallels) corresponding exactly to the grids on the compilation. The usual procedure is to draft each kind of feature on a separate sheet, named for the color in which it will be printed on the finished map. Drainage — rivers, lakes, and shorelines — goes on the "blue plate"; towns, railroads, and names are drafted on the "black plate"; roads have their own plate, sometimes called the "grey"; contours, sand areas, spot elevations compose the "brown."

Drafting begins with the registering of a clean sheet of acetate over the compilation, and fastening the two securely with tape. Registering is the process of fitting the grid lines of one sheet exactly over the grid lines of another. It is important for the accuracy of the map that each plate register perfectly with the compilation and with the other plates. Otherwise a road may be drafted on the wrong side of a stream, or a town be higher up on a mountain than it actually is. Perfect registration is not always easy to attain, since acetate has a tendency to shrink and expand a little with changes of weather. When two plates do not exactly register, it is necessary to shift one of them regularly during the drafting, concentrating first on one small area, then on another.

The drainage or blue plate is usually drafted first, since it is assumed that shorelines and rivers are the immutable bases on which hills, towns, and roads grow. On Aeronautical Approach Charts the lines of drainage are the finest on the chart, drafted with a sharp crow-quill pen. Good draftsmen learn to keep an even flowing movement in the lines. Some swear a rigid pen point is best, and some prefer a more flexible one, but all agree that

when the line is shaky (on an early Monday morning), the pen, not the hand that guides it, is to blame.

Contours are the next finest lines, drafted of course on a separate plate. They are usually (on Aeronautical Charts) drafted at thousand-foot intervals. The thousand-foot contour encircles the base of a hill; the two-thousand-foot line makes a wavering circle inside the first line, and so on up the hill or mountain to the very peak, which is marked by a dot and numbers indicating the highest elevation. The draftsman is at liberty to improve a little on the compilation of the contours. Where a contour crosses a stream there is usually a "nose," or dip in the contour, pointing back to the source of the stream, indicating that the flow of water has worn away the earth. It is the draftsman's duty to be sure the noses are turned properly upstream and that they rest symmetrically on the drain.

For some reason the pen used for drafting roads is called a "contour" pen, although it is almost never used for drafting contours. The proper name of the pen is often preceded by violent adjectives, for it is a tricky instrument. Theoretically it has been designed to make firm lines of even width. It is split like a ruling pen and adjustable to wide or narrow lines, but unlike the ruling pen, it is curved and turns in a swivel. The swivel arrangement is to help the draftsman swing around curves and draft in any direction without varying his line weight by changing the angle of the pen. In the hand of a competent draftsman (a Texan, for instance, who is good at hanging on to slippery steers), the swivel works perfectly. The ink flows smoothly, laying firm black roads across the chart. In less sure hands the pen wobbles, digs into the acetate, or suddenly skates off sideways. However, if the draftsman can establish a rapprochement with his contour pen, he has little else to worry about on the road plate.

The black plate requires less drafting skill than any of the other plates. Only the railroads, drafted like roads with the addition of ties, need to be done by a skilled hand. Instead of lettering the names himself, the draftsman uses "illuminate type." If he has sent his order to the printer far enough in advance, he receives a number of sheets of wax-backed cellophane on which all the names for the chart have been printed. The waxed side of the cellophane is protected by heavy paper, and the names are printed along in straight rows as if they were paragraphs in a book. The draftsman, with a knife and triangle, cuts between the rows so that the cellophane, still clinging to the paper backing, is in strips. Then he can cut each name from the strip as he needs it, lift it from the paper by sliding his knife under the wax, and lay it like a label on the chart. Pressed by a warm thumb or the blunt handle of a knife, the wax-backed illuminate sticks firmly to the chart.

With four plates completed, the chart is sent to the checkers, and the draftsman begins wondering how soon it will be back for corrections.

Airmen's Unseen Enemy

ROBERT C. WALLACE

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1945-1946

IT IS A SUMMER DAY IN 1944, AND FROM A EUROPEAN base a flight of American heavy bombers has taken off to bomb Germany. This is not an unusual mission as missions go for these combat flyers. The formation arrives at its target, and through a heavy flak barrage the planes drop their bombs and then begin the journey home.

All of this has been routine, but suddenly in one of the ships something a bit unusual takes place. The bombardier has called the crew members on their interphones to have them check in as they are required to do at regular intervals. From the nose to the waist everyone responds quickly. But when the tail-gunner is called, he does not answer. The bombardier knows that he can not be wounded, for only five minutes earlier, and off the target, this same gunner had checked in. He calls the tail-gunner again, but there is no response; and there will not be one, for the gunner is lying dead inside his turret.

Anoxia, the lack of oxygen in the human system, has claimed another of its victims from among the high altitude flyers.

Anoxia strikes suddenly and acts swiftly. Its victim rarely knows that anything is wrong. He apparently feels all right until he passes out, and then it is usually too late to save him, for at high altitudes he will die in less than five minutes. Anoxia may occur at any altitude above fifteen thousand feet. To someone witnessing a victim of anoxia, its symptoms are quite apparent. The first noticeable sign is that the fingernails are blue. Soon afterward the victim becomes quite giddy or incoherent, like someone well under the influence of alcohol. Perhaps just before the victim faints his hands and fingers twitch considerably.

Anoxia, in flying, can be caused by a variety of circumstances. It may be due to the mechanical failure of an oxygen system or an oxygen mask. On combat missions enemy action by flak or fighters may unnoticeably damage part of the oxygen system, causing the flyer to lose his supply of that precious element. Perhaps a poorly fitting mask or the flyer's own carelessness will bring about the same result. At very low temperatures the moisture exhaled by the flyer may freeze and clog the inlet to his mask. Any of these circumstances will surely cause anoxia if it is not detected in time.

Whatever the cause, anoxia is a deadly menace to anyone flying at high altitudes. It is a silent, stealthy killer, lurking in the sky, waiting for all who would carelessly ignore its presence.

Objective — Guadalcanal

BILL K. HILL

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1945-1946

BUT WARS ARE NOT STARTED BY MEN WHO HAVE trudged endless weary miles in pursuit of the enemy, men who have used watery foxholes for beds that might at any instant become their graves, or men who have fought thirst and hunger through hot, steaming, disease-infested jungles. Wars are started by men who do not know. They do not care.

I joined the Marine Corps in January, 1941, and had I known what lay ahead of me, I would have been a scared marine instead of a proud one. I saw how a powerful fighting machine is built. Daily routine started early with morning exercises. Then came inspections, parades, forced marches, more inspections, parades, extended order drills, and more inspections. One could not say that life was dull, but it was certainly not very pleasing to men who had been accustomed to the freedom of civilian life. Men who had been heavy and short-winded lost weight and developed sinewy muscles. Men who had been lean gained weight and looked healthy for the first time in their lives. All began to think and act alike. Above all they learned to obey orders, the most important factor in any military organization. Life was not easy but training was necessary for the coming battle at Guadalcanal, about which we knew nothing. Our training was completed after many practice amphibious landings on the beaches of sunny Southern California.

On July 1, 1942, our ship headed westward, but we couldn't imagine what was going to happen. At noon that day the following announcement came over the loud speaker: "Attention all hands! Attention all hands! This ship is now on a war mission." Everyone sighed deeply, and I think that everyone breathed a word of prayer. The first few days from San Diego were rather enjoyable, but as we neared the equator our feelings changed. The sleeping compartments were poorly ventilated and the air became suffocating. The fresh food supply diminished; the men became irritable from the close contact with their fellowmen. A strong fighting spirit gradually rose in everyone. At the Tonga Islands, two aircraft carriers and their complement of fighting ships were added to our convoy, and we proceeded westward. At the Fiji Islands we held a full-scale dress rehearsal for our coming operation. This was a test to see how fast we could unload food, supplies, and equipment and put them ashore on an unknown beach. Since this maneuver was a success, we left the Fijis and headed northwest. We were joined by additional troopships and several more men-of-war. Our

convoy now consisted of seventy-two ships, the largest number that had ever been assembled to this time.

Our destination was still a mystery to us, but on the fifth of August our minds were relieved. Pamphlets giving a thorough description of the Solomon Islands were passed out to all hands. These pamphlets told about the terrain, the jungles, the possibility of wild animals, and the many dreaded tropical diseases. That afternoon all hands were called topside. The commander of the task force stepped out on the boat deck with a worried look on his face.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I see that all of you have read the pamphlets that have been passed around. Well, I want to explain the situation as it stands now. We have told you about the terrain, the jungles, and the diseases of the Solomons, but we have not mentioned the natives or the Japs. To be truthful, we don't know much about them ourselves. There are a few natives, but I can't say whether they are friendly or not. There cannot be many Japs, but there are a few who will cause trouble. The casualties will be few if each of you obeys orders as you have in the past. This operation must be successful if we are to prevent the Japs from entering Australia. As a precaution against the natives, I suggest that you shoot and ask questions later. We have plenty of ammunition, but lives are scarce. Remember, fellows, the only good Japs are dead ones and make sure they are dead. That is all, and may God bless each and every one of you."

For men whose business was war, we knew very little about this operation, and our equipment was so very inadequate that it scares me to think about it now. Nevertheless, we had been aboard ship so long that everyone wanted to disembark, even if he had to fight the Japs.

Later we were given the finer points of the operation. We were to be in reserve for use in any position or on any island. We were told that the operation could last no longer than one week and that we had supplies for thirty days. The landing was to be made on the seventh of August, so we had all day on the sixth to prepare. We did nothing except pack gear, clean rifles, and roll our bedding. Most of the fellows wrote letters, many with the premonition that they had seen home for the last time.

We pulled into the harbor at Guadalcanal and Tulagi at 0627, August 7, 1942. The men-of-war had arrived sooner and had already begun shelling the beaches. Since this was a novelty to us, as many as were permitted were on the top decks watching. The carrier planes then took up the assault by bombing and strafing strategic points that had not been touched by the big guns from the ships. By this time all landing craft had been lowered into the water and were waiting to be loaded by the first wave of the landing party. Around every transport circled a small contingent of landing craft. Rope nets were lowered over the sides and orders were passed to "stand

by." The order, "First wave over the side and into the landing boats. Good luck, fellows, give 'em hell!" came over the loud speaker. In a few minutes the first three waves of men were ready to hit the beaches. Word was passed that successful landings had been made on Gavatu, Tulagi, and Florida Islands.

This was encouragement enough to prepare us for the next announcement: "Enemy planes approaching from the north! All hands below decks! Gunners man your battle stations!" In a few minutes the battle was on. Guns blazed, Jap planes began to fall, shrapnel flew in all directions. The battle ended almost as fast as it started. Only one enemy plane had escaped, but we had lost a transport. During this air battle I saw my first casualty. I also saw my first hero, a boy who shot down a plane that had tried to crash against our decks.

It was now our turn to go ashore. While we were headed for the beach, the red flare went up. The marines had landed and had the situation well in hand.

. . . Walking Shadow

ALICE ROSS

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1945-1946

There was no moon, no stars, no lights at all on the pier. On one side were the wind and the sea, and on the other, darkness. Even the blank old warehouses that lined the dock had merged into black. Joe shivered as his foot sank in the sponge of a rotted plank. If only there were some sound besides that of waves slapping hopelessly against the pier and the beat of his own footsteps. He tried to soften the "bark" of his heels by balancing on the balls of his feet as McClellon did.

McClellon — friend, fellow-boarder, and compatriot; a Scotchman, with a hard Scotch brogue and an equally hard head; a man who did not believe in signs such as NO LIQUOR OR LADIES ALLOWED IN ROOMS, or PLEASE CONFINE TOBACCO JUICE TO RECEPTACLES PROVIDED; all that was McClellon. Joe remembered going to McClellon's room once for a drink. There was nothing unusual in the room except the bookcase — unusual because one did not expect to find books at a Seventh Street rooming house — other things, yes, but not books. There were Ibsen's "Doll House," "Emperor Jones," "The Little Foxes," and "Watch on the Rhine"; *Crime and Punishment*, *Alone*, *The Great Hunger*, and *Men from Nowhere*. They said one could tell what a man was like from his books. Joe wasn't so sure.

The wind whipped his thoughts back to the pier. He wished there were another way to reach the house — a street with lights, laughter and noise, a street that gave the appearance of normality. The dock, like many other things, was different at night. A post rose out of the blackness and Joe recoiled instinctively. He was too close to the water. Still muffling his steps, he moved in toward the warehouses, away from the guide posts and the sea. It was then that he saw the shadows, two mounds of intense black on the spot from which he had retreated. They were swaying shadows, moving as though pushed by some outward, evil force. Ecstatically intertwined, they bent down, back, and up again. Joe stood and watched them, his mind dulled for a moment. He almost smiled because the shadows looked not unlike overgrown "kids" imitating an Indian war dance. But as he watched, without sound one of the shadows bore the other upward, then dashed it onto the pier. Involuntarily, the lifeless mound rolled into the water below.

Joe's half-smile faded and his mind clicked shut. Quickly he walked on. He would not admit that it had not been an Indian dance, that the shadows had been live men and that only one of them still was. "No point in getting mixed up in something like this," he thought. There was no point in calling the police. The victim would never be found — nor would the assailant. Again quickening his pace, Joe passed the next three guide posts safely. And then, with a sort of edgeless fear, he heard footsteps that were not his own. He steeled himself to turn around and face their owner, and his heart stuck in his throat. Out of the darkness came the shadow. That it was *the* shadow, Joe had no doubt. Only when it was abreast of him did he realize that it had been mincing forward on the balls of its feet. "Well, thirr, Joe," it said, "and may I walk home with 'ee?"

"Musical"

Another type of movie is the "musical." This is especially popular during war because it eases people out of a humdrum existence and transports them into a gay, new world of lights, color, and brilliance. Take one popular comedian, a good-looking singer, several dozen beautiful girls, and a well-known band. Combine with one inconsequential plot and you will have a modern musical comedy. Characters in musical movies are famous for their extraordinary talents. Have you ever known a singer to waste time practicing a new song before he sings it to the lovely leading lady? Of course not. He glances at the music, ripples over a few chords on the piano, and pours his entire romantic soul into his song. Magically, an orchestra is heard in the background, accompanying the singer. No explanation is offered for this extraordinary occurrence, and the audience assumes that Guy Lombardo was taking his boys for a walk and stopped on a street corner to earn a little extra money. The strains of the music float through the window, and the singer, of course, takes advantage of his opportunity.

—LOIS RUDNIK

The Political Disgrace of 1876

WILLIAM GOTHARD

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1945-1946

THE YEAR 1876 WAS THE MOST NOTABLE YEAR IN THE period of American history between the close of the Civil War and the beginning of the war with Spain. It was the year which marked the last of our important Indian outbreaks — the conflict in which General Custer and his men were massacred at the Little Big Horn. It was the year of the great Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, marking the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of our nation. And it was also the year which saw fraud and corruption at the polls bring about a disputed election which put our form of government to the severest peacetime test it had ever been called upon to endure.

On election day, November 7, 1876, Samuel J. Tilden, governor of New York and Democratic candidate for the Presidency, was a 5 to 4 favorite to defeat the Republican candidate from Ohio, Rutherford B. Hayes.¹ Almost singlehanded, Tilden had exposed and scourged the evil Tweed Ring of New York City, sending the corrupt Tammany Hall thieves to prison or into exile. Elected governor of his state, he continued his attack upon corruption, regardless of party, in a manner which earned him a reputation as a fearless champion of clean government. Hayes, the Republican standard bearer, though a wise and honest man, lacked the colorful background of his opponent, and he was immeasurably handicapped by the black eye which President Grant's two terms of graft and corruption had given the Republican party.

The early election returns indicated a closer race than had been anticipated, but around seven o'clock in the evening it was announced that Tilden had carried the Empire State, giving the Democrats a comfortable margin.² By eleven o'clock it was learned that he had also carried New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, and the doubtful border states of Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland,³ an indication of a possible Democratic landslide. Tilden, needing 185 electoral votes to be elected, had received 184 by midnight, with the returns from four western and three southern states not yet in. Hayes retired, feeling that he had lost the race, and later recorded in his diary, "From that time I never supposed there was a chance for Republican success."⁴

¹ Alexander C. Flick, *Samuel J. Tilden*, New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1939, p. 323.

² *Ibid.*

³ "The Scandals of 1876," *Colliers*, 80 (September 17, 1927), 19.

⁴ Hamilton J. Eckenrode, *Rutherford B. Hayes, Statesman of Reunion*, New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1930, p. 178.

Just as the final edition of the *New York Times* was going to press, its columns containing the sad concession of Tilden's victory, the editor received a note from Senator Barnum, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, asking for news from Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina. John C. Reid, the news editor, was quick to see the opportunity offered by Barnum's intimation of uncertainty, for if the Democrats were not sure of these three states there was still time for Republican claims. The presses were stopped at once and the returns revised in such a way as to put the nineteen votes of Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina in the Hayes column, giving him 185 votes to Tilden's 184.⁵

Believing that the situation was not correctly understood by the Republican party leaders, Reid hurried to their headquarters in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Although the committee rooms were empty, he found a member of the Republican committee, and the two of them decided to go over the returns, state by state, before waking the national chairman. Since Reid's count was found to be correct, they awakened Zachariah Chandler, the national chairman, and told him of the situation.⁶ The returns clearly showed that Tilden had been assured of 184 votes, Hayes of 166; in the doubtful column were 7 votes from South Carolina, 4 from Florida, and 8 from Louisiana. Tilden needed but one vote to cinch the Presidency, while if — and it was a big *if* — Hayes could carry all three of these doubtful states, the Presidency would be his.

The national chairman, suddenly alive to the possibilities at hand, sent Reid to the nearest Western Union office, and the following message was sent to the Republican governors of South Carolina and Florida and to the Republican candidate for governor of Louisiana: "Hayes is elected if we have carried South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. Can you hold your state? Answer immediately." Later in the day Republican Chairman Chandler sent out the famous telegram: "Hayes has 185 electoral votes and is elected."⁷

To this claim the Republican leaders consistently and stubbornly adhered until the end. And thus, out of a city editor's crazy notion, was born what was in some respects the most trying predicament which any democratic government has ever faced.

Immediately after making the unfounded claim of Republican success, Chandler rushed strong members of his party to the three doubtful states in order to apply as much pressure on the final outcome of the vote as possible. But the Democrats had acted just as quickly, and as soon as special trains had transported these appointed "overseers" from each party to Florida, Louisiana, and South Carolina, the mad scramble for votes began.

⁵ "The Scandals of 1876," *loc. cit.*

⁶ Paul L. Haworth, *The Hayes-Tilden Disputed Presidential Election of 1876*,

Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Company, 1906, p. 50.

⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 51-52.

In the face of the carpetbag government, the Florida voters gave the Democratic tickets, both state and national, a small majority.⁸ The strategy of the Republican managers was to prove fraud in casting or counting votes so that the Board of State Canvassers would decide in favor of a Republican victory. The Democrats were determined to hold the triumph they had won at the polls. Both parties began to collect affidavits by the hundreds to prove the corruption and dishonesty of the opposition.⁹ This phase of the election was quite as crooked as the misuse of the ballot box.

The Board of State Canvassers was composed of Secretary of State S. B. McLin, a Tennessean who had deserted the Confederate Army and was now a "scalawag" Republican; Comptroller C. A. Cowgill, a physician and a carpetbag Republican; and Attorney General W. A. Cocke, a Virginia Democrat.¹⁰ This board began its work on November 27 in the presence of the "visiting statesmen" of both parties, the Republican Governor Stearns, and his Democratic opponent, G. F. Drew. It exercised authority to accept or to reject returns, received documents of protest, and heard witnesses.¹¹

On December 2, while the board was still deliberating, Manton Marble, one of the visiting Democrats, sent a telegram which typified the fraud connected with the Florida canvassing board. It was addressed to Colonel W. T. Pelton at the Democratic National Headquarters and read as follows: "Have just received a proposition to hand over at any hour required Tilden decision of board and certificate of Governor for \$200,000." Evidently something went wrong with this attempt to sell the nation's highest office, for, at a private session on December 5, the partisan board converted the Tilden majority of 93 into a Hayes majority of 294, and thus gave the state to the Republicans. The next day the Republican electors met, cast their vote for Hayes, had it certified by Governor Stearns, and sent it to the President of the Senate in Washington.¹²

But G. B. Drew, the Democratic candidate, insisted he had been chosen Governor and appealed to the State Supreme Court for a recount. The order was given, a recount was made, and Drew was declared elected. After he was sworn in, the new secretary of state, the new comptroller, and the new attorney general met as the new Board of State Canvassers and declared the Democratic electors chosen. The Democratic electors met at once, voted on January 19 for Tilden, and sent their certificate, signed by Governor Drew, to Washington.¹³

Though certain details of the canvassing differed, the situation in South Carolina and Louisiana was essentially the same as it was in Florida. Wholesale corruption, intimidations of Negro voters by the tens of thousands,

⁸ Flick, *op. cit.*, p. 344.

⁹ William W. Davis, *The Civil War and Reconstruction in Florida*, New York: The Columbia University, 1913, pp. 715, 716.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 716.

¹¹ Haworth, *op. cit.*, p. 65.

¹² Flick, *op. cit.*, p. 346.

¹³ Davis, *op. cit.*, pp. 728, 733-736.

political assassinations, and extensive rioting gave the canvassing boards in these two states ample opportunity to swing the vote in either direction. Members of these boards played one party against the other, and in Louisiana the cost of bribing a canvasser rose from \$200,000¹⁴ to well over the million dollar mark. As in Florida, the canvassing boards of these states contained a majority of Republicans, and ultimately they discarded enough Democratic votes to give the Republicans a majority. The Republican electors met, cast their votes for Hayes, and sent their certificates to the Senate. And, following the precedent set in Florida, the Democratic electors met, disregarding the verdict of the canvassing board, cast their vote for Tilden, and dispatched it to Washington.¹⁵

Few people in the United States today have even the faintest conception of the gravity of the situation existing during the winter of 1876-77. In the end the question at hand was settled peacefully without leaving many traces that could be remarked by future observers. But at the time probably more people dreaded an armed conflict than had anticipated a like outcome of the elections in 1860-61.

In fact, it was difficult to see how the dispute could be settled in any other manner. Both parties seemed equally determined; both professed to be thoroughly confident of the justice of their cause. There was intense bitterness on both sides, but especially on the part of the Democrats. Just when they were certain that they had broken the long reign of the Republican party, a Republican conspiracy had hatched to thwart their legal right to office. Threats of force were freely indulged in, and the phrase "Tilden or blood" appeared in the *New York Times*.¹⁶

Finally, in an effort to remedy the crisis, Congressional committees and subcommittees for investigation of the dispute were formed and sent to the states in dispute. There they examined witnesses of all kinds, conditions, and colors, and after several weeks of work accumulated 13,000 pages of testimony, which are of great value to the historian, but which exercised little or no influence upon the outcome of the controversy. Each committee and subcommittee brought in two reports. Since the House had a Democratic majority of seventy-four, the majority members of its committees reported that the electoral votes of Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina rightfully belonged to Tilden; the minority members, from the same committees, reported opposite conclusions. The same state of affairs prevailed in the Senate, except that since it had a Republican majority of seventeen, the majority reports were favorable to Hayes, the minority reports to Tilden.¹⁷

As time passed, it became apparent that the critical point of the whole contest lay in the question of the power to count and declare the electoral

¹⁴ See page 34. It appears that \$200,000 was a standard rate.

¹⁶ Flick, *op. cit.*, p. 358.

¹⁷ Haworth, *op. cit.*, p. 177.

¹⁸ Haworth, *op. cit.*, p. 112-116.

vote, for despite the Congressional investigations two sets of returns had been received from Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina. Unfortunately the constitutional provision on the subject was so indefinite as to leave room for decidedly different interpretations. The Constitution provides that the certificates of the votes of the electoral colleges shall be transmitted sealed to the seat of the government, "directed to the president of the Senate," and that "the president of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, *and the votes shall then be counted.*"¹⁸ Upon the interpretation of the last clause seemed to hinge the question of who was to be the President of the United States. If, as some of the Republicans contended, the clause meant "counted by the president of the Senate," then there was little doubt that Mr. Ferry, who was a partisan, would decide that the returns sent in by the Republican claimants constituted the true vote and would declare a majority of one for Hayes. If, as the Democrats asserted, the counting was to be done under the direction of the two houses, a deadlock seemed likely to ensue. Such a deadlock, they contended, would throw the election into the Democratic House. One Democrat slyly suggested a "compromise" whereby the two houses would vote together on the issue, but this was quickly squelched by the Republicans since their majority in the Senate would be overcome by the Democratic majority in the House by the comfortable margin of fifty-seven votes.¹⁹

For a while circumstances were favorable for the advocacy of extreme measures by hotheads in both parties, but fortunately the men in Congress whose patriotism rose above their partisanship proved equal to the situation. A bill was introduced in the House which provided for a constitutional amendment placing the count in the hands of the Supreme Court. Though it failed to pass either house, it was important because it marked the first step toward placing the decision in the hands of a designated group.

On January 15, 1877, Henry B. Payne, Representative from Ohio, introduced a measure which, if approved, would create an Electoral Commission composed of five Senators, five Representatives, and six Supreme Court justices to be chosen by lot, whose duty it would be to settle all disputes in connection with the electoral count.

Selection of the justices by lot caused immediate criticism, and so a new plan was proposed providing for the selection of five senior associate justices outright. It was understood that two were to be in sympathy with the Republicans, two with the Democrats, and that this group of four was to decide upon the choice of the fifth justice. Since there remained on the bench four justices with Republican leanings, and a fifth, Judge David

¹⁸ "The Hayes-Tilden Electoral Commission," *Atlantic Monthly*, 72 (October, 1893), 522.

¹⁹ Haworth, *op. cit.*, pp. 177-200.

Davis, an Independent who had remained neutral throughout the entire dispute, it was more than likely that Davis would be chosen to round out the fifteen-man commission. Going on this assumption, the two houses of Congress met, and by an eight to one ratio, passed the Electoral Commission Bill.²⁰

The bill was signed by President Grant, and the nation rejoiced, Republicans and Democrats alike. The Democrats, however, ceased their celebrating two days later when the *Chicago Tribune* announced that Illinois' Democratic Governor Palmer, acting on the advice of the Democratic party in Illinois, had chosen Justice Davis to fill a vacancy in the Senate. Happy to escape the unpleasant task of serving as odd-man on the Electoral Commission, Davis accepted the senatorship, stating that he was now a member of the Democratic party and was no longer an Independent.²¹

The following day the House chose as its members Payne, Hunton, and Abbott, Democrats, and Hoar and Garfield, Republicans; while the Senate selected Edmunds, Frelinghuysen, and Morton, Republicans, and Thurman and Bayard, Democrats. At the same time the designated judges — Clifford and Field, Democrats, and Strong and Miller, Republicans — offered the fifth place to Senator-elect Davis, but he promptly declined it. The judges then named Justice Joseph P. Bradley of New Jersey, a Republican, as the "odd-member" of the fifteen-man tribunal.²² The Electoral Commission was now complete with eight Republicans and seven Democrats.

On February 1, 1877, the two branches of Congress met in the hall of the House for the count. The diplomatic gallery was filled by the ministers of foreign lands, and other galleries were crowded. On the floor were many distinguished guests and visitors. As the clock struck one, the doorkeeper of the House announced the Senate, whose members entered the hall. Ferry, President of the Senate, took the Speaker's chair, called the joint session to order, and one of the most important meetings in American history began.²³

The votes of the states were announced in alphabetical order. The certificates of Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, and Delaware were opened and counted without incident. Florida was called, and a hush passed over the great hall. The certificate giving four votes to Hayes was read, and it was formally objected to by Field of New York. Sargent of California and Kasson of Iowa objected to the second Florida certificate. The chair then announced that the papers would be sent to the Electoral Commission for decision, and the Senate withdrew.

For seven days the Commission discussed the Florida case and, in particular, the question of the Commission's authority to go behind the state returns.

²⁰ Flick, *op. cit.*, pp. 382-383.

²¹ Haworth, *op. cit.*, p. 219.

²² *Ibid.*, p. 221.

²³ Flick, *op. cit.*, p. 387.

Before the decision on Florida was reached, it was whispered that Judge Bradley would vote with the Democrats on the Commission. Consequently there was much rejoicing among the supporters of Tilden. However, on February 8, 1877, the Electoral Commission voted 8 to 7 not to receive evidence by going behind the state returns; and two days later, after arguing the case for hours behind closed doors, it decided by the same strictly partisan vote that Hayes' electors in Florida should be counted. Democrats at once denounced Bradley as an "unjust Judge" and accused him of accepting a bribe, but the simplest explanation of Bradley's action is that his judicial impartiality was submerged in partisanship, and his vote was what his party expected.

The count continued in joint session until Louisiana was reached. Again an objection was made to the certificates, and the evidence was handed to the Electoral Commission.

After five days of deliberation the Commission held that "the Tilden electors' certificate was signed by McEnery, who was not governor, that the Returning Board's decision was final, and that no fraud had been proved." On February 16, by the customary 8 to 7 vote, the Commission awarded Louisiana to Hayes.

The next day the count was resumed, South Carolina was reached, and objections sent the case to the Commission. Democrats made no attempt to defend the Tilden electors but argued that the vote should be thrown out. Republicans defended their own certificate and submitted their case without further argument. On the last day of February, 1877, the Commission announced to the joint session that the votes of South Carolina should be added to the Hayes list.

At four in the morning on March 2, two days before the prescribed date for the inauguration, the Senate marched into the hall, and ten minutes later Ferry announced to the crowded gallery and to the nation that Hayes, having received 185 votes to Tilden's 184, was duly elected.²⁴

While the outcome of the great controversy was for the most part a just one, the contest was unquestionably contaminated by many deplorable incidents. No true patriot can contemplate without shame and regret the terrible outrages upon the Negroes, the frauds committed by election officers, the violence of party feeling, the attempts to purchase returning boards and electors, the questionable conduct of leaders on both sides, and the partisanship displayed by the members of the Electoral Commission.

Yet there were other aspects which revealed in the American people characteristics that are beyond praise. A bitter dispute which might have ended in civil war was settled without a resort to arms because the people, even in the face of this great political fraud, had confidence in the machinery of the government and in the men on whose shoulders rested the enor-

²⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 390-395.

mous burden of settling the dispute. A great party had gone down to what most of its members believed was a foul defeat, yet it accepted the result without a struggle in order to do what was best for the country. Though the stormy atmosphere produced by the controversy lingered a while in American public life, it has finally subsided without leaving any appreciable scar on American politics or upon our Republic.

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Rhet as Writ

When I consider the above mistakes plus some others, it will all boil down to the fact that it is the cause of disinterest or just trying to get by, because yet today their remains the fact that the taking of this course is still a means toward an end and still not caring whether I make a D or A but only whether I pass or flunk is only the interest I have for this course because my true interest is numbers and their association to each other and not with the association of words and ideas of words which would make my other courses easier, if I had a control over my English or rather rhetoric.

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Breakfast was over and out to the barn I stammered. Here the first thing I had to do was fill a pail of warm water from the water heater and add to it a tablespoon full of disinfection. Then placing the empty milk cans and pail of water on the wheelbarrel I moved into the barn.

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Soon, I shall be buzzing from flower to flower as the other bees do.

Honorable Mention

- Grace Barker* — Our Educational System
Regina Bojanowski — I Shall Never Forget
Helen Chernikoff — Long Distance Telephone Department
in Chicago
Paula Companion — Camp Shows, Incorporated
Rovert Davlin — A Night Patrol
Adora Del Grano — Incident
David Ford — The Glory of a Champion
Frances Friedman — Will Rogers: Typical American
William Gothard — The Westinghouse Time Capsule
Donald Graf — Greater Integrity in Cinema Art
Les Houser — Weather or Not
Dona Kite — Land of Israel
Ben Lawless — A Supposition
Carmen Leonard — A Blue Suit Coat
Charles Lessing — Homecoming
William Raby — Technocracy: Its Rise and Fall
Herzl Ragins — Mom's Siberian Seal Coat
James Shafter — Chaff